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v. 14. 1828.

CONFESSIONS OF A WHIG.

INTERCEPTED LETTER

FROM

*_____*_____*****

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD COCHRANE,

IN VINDICATION OF

THE WHIGS.

Mentio si Qua
De Capitolini furtis injecta Petillt
Te coram fuerit ; defendas ut tuus est mos.

HORACE, L. 1.—S. 4.



London :**PRINTED BY S. W. FORES, 41, PICCADILLY.**

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PREFACE,

BY THE EDITOR.

THE Reader will observe several expressions in this Letter, which evidently shew that it was meant to be strictly private and confidential. It is, therefore, incumbent upon me to explain how it came into my hands ; and why (having obtained possession of it) I did not forward it to its intended destination.

Returning home one night, after a quiet rubber of Whist, through Grosvenor-square, I observed a packet (*neither sealed, nor directed on the envelope*) fall from the window of a Hackney Coach : I picked it up, and called to the coachman ; but he (misunderstanding me) said he had a fare already, and drove faster. I took it home, and read through it, when I determined to transmit it and to keep the contents thereof secret. However, it so happened, that, the next morning, I glanced at the preface to “ Doddington’s Diary,” and it occurred

to me that, if the Apology of that Editor was valid, it was clearly my bounden duty to give the Public, and especially my friends the Whigs, the benefit of the full and satisfactory vindication of their public conduct in the last ten months, contained in the letter of Lord Cochrane's Correspondent, whom I would, in charity, advise to be more discreet about any future letters, because, having published this letter, which will probably be followed by others, I have thought it advisable to take such precautions, to ensure the intercepting of his future letters, as he will hardly have ingenuity to escape.

R. M.

INTERCEPTED LETTER, &c.

London, 19th January, 1828.

MY DEAR LORD,

I **FEEL** quite ashamed at having so long delayed to acknowledge the receipt of your Lordship's last letter. However, I assure you that I did not allow my political occupations to prevent me from immediately doing myself the honour of executing your commissions, a full account of which, together with all private intelligence likely to interest you, your old friend Mrs. Johnson has promised me to send you. I shall, therefore, in this letter, confine myself to the subject uppermost in my mind (and, if I mistake not, in your mind also)—politics.

Without further preface then, we are again out of office. This does not surprise me: you *will remember* that, in my *preceding letters*, I *predicted this result*, a result, which, I am sorry to say, *we richly deserve*. In fact, so many things have lately occurred in our party to disgust me, that nothing, but the consciousness that I can be of no conse-

quence on the other side, disinclines me from *ratting*. I say I am conscious that I can be of no consequence on the other side, for how can it be otherwise in an administration formed by the ingenuous Duke of Wellington, of which administration the most important part *will probably be* composed of those "*bigots and brutes*," those greedy "*vultures*," who, as a proof of their rapacity, resigned enormous incomes and patronage, rather than compromise their principles. Is it *possible* that they will have any thing to do with a man, who sold himself to one, whom he had been for years reviling? It is not necessary to tell *you* whether the price was a coronet, a silk gown, or a red coat; but what *I* stipulated for *I never received after all*. (Talking of selling, an old broom may be bought cheaper now than at this time last year. The reduction in price is attributed by some to the circumstance of a friend of our's being so exorbitant that the purchaser of one of his brooms could ultimately only afford to pay but an inconsiderable part of the price agreed upon: the vender has since been very ill in consequence, and has evinced a great longing for hot rolls, which his physicians say are improper for him, and, therefore, they will not allow him to have any.)

Notwithstanding our discomfiture, we

have some consolation in our reach. We *again* have the *means* of *recovering* the use of our *patriotism*, and of amusing ourselves by observing the forlorn look of the mighty little Petty, who, you remember, is as proud as Lucifer; and also by observing the gentle and resigned look of Loyal Brongham, since his wise nose (as your friend the late Lord Ellenborough used to term it) has been proved to have been "at fault." Then, Sir Francis Burdett is *still a commoner*, and may be alive at the *next general election*; and Sir Robert Wilson's dreams of the red coat, and its concomitants, *still remain to be realized*. But leaving these *bagtelle* matters for a *future letter*, you will like to be informed of some of our intended future operations, some idea of which I will endeavour to give you; and, afterwards, I will, (by way of security for wisdom in those operations) recount to you some of our past exploits. I may here as well *remind* you, lest your memory should be treacherous, that I do not use the terms "Tory" and "Whig" in their legitimate sense, but only in accordance with modern diction. When I speak of a man being a Tory, I mean that he is a Whig, "A CONSTITUTIONAL WHIG."—And, when I speak of men as being Whigs, I mean that they are members of that incoherent and anomalous faction, which

avvogates to itself the honour of being composed of Whigs indeed ; but which is actually made up (with Lord Grey and a few other illustrious exceptions) of men, who are any thing but Whigs ; but, who are, at different times, *Tories in the proper sense of the word*,—*Levellers*,—and Patriots, as they vainly think (in their disregard of the old wise maxim, “*honesty is the best policy*”) will best answer their temporary purpose. :

It is of great consequence to us to conceal the real cause of our being sent to the “right about,” viz., conduct, similar to that we last year *falsely* charged the “bigots and brutes” with. We shall, therefore, take advantage of the credulity, or rather gullibility of John Bull, by insinuating that we are the victims of unconstitutional influence, used by noble individuals, admitted to the honour of spending much of their time with his Majesty. Though you never had the honour of much associating with royalty, your Lordship must have often heard it remarked, that the present King was a most dangerous prince to take liberties with. The idea of any one presuming to attempt to secretly influence his Majesty will therefore appear preposterous to thinking minds. But, lest your Lordship should misunderstand me, I do not doubt the *right*, or the *probability*, of peers, who are *here-*

ditary counsellors of the king, occasionally procuring audiences in the *usual way*; and, at those audiences, fearlessly but respectfully expressing their honest opinions.

The extreme popularity of his Majesty, at the present moment, *obliges us to take a little time to consider about the expediency of another part of our plan*. We intend, as far as the law will allow with safety, to insinuate this, that, and the other, against that monarch, whom lately we have been bespattering with our *hollow* praise, after the fashion of the *first years* of the *Regency*: only we are not yet agreed whether we ought, in prudence, to suspend the execution of this project till a more convenient season or not. I only hope that Brougham, so eminently distinguished for *bad judgment*, (as his Liverpool speech alone abundantly testifies, unless his *secret motive* was to injure his friend Canning,) will not be consulted.

But the grand rubs of all must obviously be in Parliament. There we shall attempt (impotently enough no doubt) to prove, what we ourselves do not believe, that the "bigots and brutes," who composed the Liverpool administration, who (*we were pleased to say*) invariably opposed liberty and humanity, and encouraged despotism, must, in consistency, support us in our doc-

trines as to the extent we are bound by our memorable treaty of alliance with Russia and France; ostensibly, according to our doctrines, in defence of those disgusting wretches the "fine noble Greeks;" but, by no means, exclusively in defence of them, in the opinion of every man of common sense. That Lord Liverpool wished to see a stop put to the effusion of blood between the Turks and the Greeks is true; but the whole of Lord Liverpool's political life proves that he never would have carried his zeal to serve the Greeks (who, by the way, are ten times as vicious in every respect as the Turks are), *so far* as to forget the importance of preserving that "*balance of power*," which this country has, or at least *had*, the power of preserving. Russia, it is true, disclaims all intention of aggrandizement, and she would not be *very wise* to do otherwise; but *some will find it hard to believe her*. However, we must *pretend* to believe her professions, though, *between ourselves*, our argument will be a very flimsy one. It is easy to understand the Emperor of Russia arriving at Constantinople, in pursuance of a treaty, *expressly disclaiming* the total separation of the Greeks from the Turkish sovereignty, and with his own separate *manifesto* or *disclaimer* to boot; but, after all these pre-

liminaries (for they would turn out to be nothing but preliminaries) are settled, what security is there that the Russian Autocrat shall return quietly to his dominions? We all know how easy it is for an ingenious statesman to conjure up circumstances *apparently not contemplated* at the time of the ratification of a treaty. And, curiously enough, one part of our *consistent* argument is, that we, as well as France, joined Russia, because we foresaw that, if we did not, Russia would assist the Greeks single handed. If former statesmen have at all understood international law, nothing can justify a foreign power interfering about the manner in which the Turkish Government may choose to govern its undoubted subjects, except that foreign power experiencing injury to itself from such mode of government. Our claim to the Irish is no better than the claim of the Porte to the Greeks: now, if Turkey was to say to England "alter your treatment of the Irish in such and such respects, or I shall compel you," we should laugh at the vanity of the threat *because* of the comparative weakness of the Porte; but could we, after our recent dogmas, deny her right to interfere? You see then, my Lord, that we, the pure, disinterested, consistent, and wise Whigs, we, who have roared so long and so lustily

against the principle of the strong attacking the weak,—that even we stand pledged from henceforward to the doctrine that, *though it is criminal to attack a man well able to defend himself*, yet that a *strong man* has a clear right to knock down the first *puny weak man* he meets, who has presumed to frame rules for the regulation of his family, not altogether according to the strong man's ideas of comfort. Our right, and the right of Russia and France to interfere with the Porte being now established, seeing that Turkey is the weakest of the four, we are still encumbered with difficulties at every turn. We can hardly avow that we doubt the sincerity of Russia in her disclaiming being actuated by ambitious motives, because that would be proclaiming that we have allied ourselves by treaty with her, and yet that all the time we think her *capable of violating the provisions of that very treaty*, if, at any future period, she should think it her interest so to do. If, on the other hand, we say that we have confidence in the good faith of Russia, what becomes of the danger of her assisting the Greeks single handed? There are a variety of other views of this subject, which might be taken, even admitting what has never been proved, that Russia would have attempted much, for some time to come, in defiance of

England, Austria, and France, or of England *alone* ; but you will see *innumerable* of our *precious arguments* in the papers, together with the exposure of the sophistry of them, by Tory writers. We have, for *some time past*, been *excessively* annoyed by several leading articles and letters in the Morning Post and other papers. As to one correspondent of the Morning Post, signing himself "*Zeta*," I have no hesitation in saying that he ought to be hanged. I am informed that he caused *at least one* correspondent of the Courier to die of a broken heart ; but it is only fair to add, that some of the wags at Brooke's have a different version of the matter : they say, that Zeta only "cut him to pieces."

However, there are many, who are not Whigs, and who are of opinion, that the disputes between the Greeks and the Turks had become a nuisance to other nations. Admitting this for the sake of argument, and also (what I believe is a fact) that Lord Liverpool was of that opinion, there is some difference between taking measures to bring about a change of system, in a manner *which would leave our friendship* with an old and faithful ally *undisturbed*, and proceeding in the *outrageous and stupid manner in which we went to work*.

In passing from the Turkish question to

the remaining parts of this letter, I will, if you will not think it indelicate to do so, put it to your Lordship to say, whether, in your personal intercourse with the Greeks, you have not seen *much more* of the disgusting than the pleasing.

We intend to take all the advantage we can of our being "*out*," to make the public suppose that we meant to have done wonders, *if* we had remained in office; but, with the host of talent arrayed against us, we shall, I suspect, meet with but poor success. At all events, it is a good thing for the country that we are so soon discarded: we should only have made matters worse by continuing in office. In your time, we had a Fox, a Grattan, a Ponsonby, and a few others; but now, we have not (with the exception of Earl Grey, who is too high-minded to be of any use to us) a single statesman in either house, who has the least title to the name. *Between ourselves*, Mr. Peel is the man the country looks up to: he is an honest man, a man of good and very improving abilities, and a man ardently attached to the institutions of his country. Mr. Peel knows, (and so we know; but then, being obliged to *pretend to think otherwise*, our knowledge is of no benefit to the nation) that a *most rigid support* of the *rights* of the Aristocracy is the *best* guarantee

for the preservation of the rights, both of the crown and of the people. Moreover, Mr. Peel is incapable, when out of office, of rendering himself ridiculous, by making pledges, which, if he redeemed them when he returned to office, must secure the downfall of the monarchy. I take it for granted that there is no Whig, capable of discovering that two and two make four, who is not impressed with the conviction, that in England the Crown and the Coronet must stand or fall together: else, why do we, when we are most anxious to annoy the advisers of the Crown, invariably begin by endeavouring to prejudice the lower orders against the Nobility?

With regard to foreign affairs, it is hardly possible to conceive any thing more impotent than our party. Now, without mentioning another name among the Tories, the Duke of Wellington is a tower of strength: *his own experience, coupled with his great intimacy with the late Marquess of Londonderry*, (perhaps the cleverest public man, though not the best speaker, since the days of Pitt) certainly entitles him to the first rank among those well versed in foreign affairs.

Talking of the Duke of Wellington, our abortive attempts to make the Duke unpopular, immediately succeeded by the most

fulsome praises upon our parts, had a most ludicrous effect.

But it is not altogether bad for us that his Majesty has obliged us to "*abscond*." If we had continued in office, what a ridiculous figure must we not have cut about our friends, the Papists and the Dissenters! I forget whether, in my last letter, I told your Lordship *confidentially*, that, after Lord Liverpool's illness, his Majesty, remembering his Coronation Oath, and *our many kind offices to the Church*, could not reconcile it with his conscience, that we should dispense the Church Patronage.

It has not transpired whether the several sees, and other dignities and benefices, which became vacant, were filled up, according to the recommendation of those prelates, who are privy counsellors, or whether they were not: certain, however, it is, that such was the King's confidence in us, that we could *only now and then* promote one of our own partisans, and our success *never* extended to the procuring a bishopric. To be sure, we *pretend* that Doctor Copleston is indebted to us; but few there are, it is to be hoped for the honour of *common sense*, who will believe us. In the first place, *no man* was *more likely* than Doctor Copleston to be promoted, if Lord Liverpool's health had continued. *Who made him a Dean?*

Secondly, whatever he may have formerly professed, Doctor Copleston has not been considered *by us* one of our party for a *considerable time past*; and, Thirdly, it is a fact that *we strained every nerve* to get Doctor Maltby into the see to which Doctor Copleston has been lately appointed; and this leads me to explain why we were so anxious to succeed in this attempt. To avow that we carried our place-hunting propensities to such an ultra degree, as to consent to take office upon the unconstitutional (I was going to say monstrous) condition that we should be responsible for the disposal of patronage, dispensed by an individual, or by individuals, not responsible, was too absurd (if not indecent) for even a Whig. We, therefore, are *almost compelled* to go on *pretending* that, in every Episcopal appointment *during our reign*, the fortunate individual was a man after our own hearts. And your Lordship will easily see in what a pretty predicament this *must sooner or later* place us. *Every Bishop, whom we are supposed to have appointed, was previously* pledged against conceding the Popish Claims!!!! O'Connell, Shiel, & Co. are so busy at present with some new *nonsensical farragos*, previous to the accustomed farce of *pretending* to sincerely endeavour to obtain what is absurdly called Catholic

Emancipation, that they *pretend to overlook* this circumstance. But we may plead the slight atonement of playing the almost annual farce of blustering, fuming, raging, threatening, &c. &c., seeing, that his Majesty has removed our harness from our backs, and very great simpletons will the Papists be, if they are diverted from *our meanness* by this pitiful trick. Much as Mr. O'Connell may, *in summer*, prefer a light silk gown to a stuff one, we *dared not* stir an inch in favour of the Romish Church, if we had remained in office, without *first securing a large majority against us*, which we could easily have done, because there is *so little* public confidence in our party, when in office, that our ascendancy, short-lived as it was, made the Roman Catholic Question *retrograde at least one century*.

We shall also talk as if we had *seriously* intended, had we remained in office, to carry the repeal of the "Corporation and Test Acts," and the "Unitarian Marriage Bill." God knows nothing was further from our thoughts than either of them! Talking of the "Corporation and Test Acts," Mrs. Johnson will send your Lordship, among other things, Bishop Sherlock's Arguments upon the subject lately reprinted here, which, as I think, will much interest you. It is by no means a bad rule to judge of

the *sincerity* of a man's *professions* in large things, by observing his *conduct* in small analogous matters. Before we came into office, any *honest simpleton* would have felt confident that, if ever we attained office, Sir Robert Wilson would be instantly restored to the Army, that your Lordship would be restored to the Navy, and to the Order of the Bath ; and also that Mr. Denman would have *immediately* obtained a silk gown. *Either we had the power to do these things, or we had not. If we had, what can we say for not having done so ? If we had not, was it not most abominable meanness in us to consent to take office upon terms incompatible with performing what we used to call acts of justice, to say nothing of promises made by us ?* Mr. Denman (Brougham's *senior and superior*) *evidently felt himself ill-used by us ;* and your Lordship *has, no doubt, expressed to Sir Francis Burdett the greatest surprise that he should not have bestowed a thought upon his dear friend Cochrane, in his celebrated " sine qua non."*

Another awkward situation we avoid, at the *expense* of our *salaries* and *patronage*, arises from the present state of the revenue, coupled with the debt : we can *now* swear that we never intended to keep faith with the public creditor, though all well-informed

people know that, during this reign, (to say nothing of future reigns,) those in office (be they who they may) will be puzzled to do otherwise.

The "Finance Committee," *the idea of which originated with Lord Liverpool*, and which we stole from him to use as a catch at popularity, cuts two ways with reference to our recent *dismissal*. Whatever our successors do about it, we may find fault with, for, as *even we ourselves did not know upon what principles we should proceed*, it is evident that we stand pledged to *no details*. It did not, your Lordship may rest assured, *consist with our genius* to do the country any *real* service, in that or in any other Committee: we might, it is true, have *played off to the galleries* a little, but that would have been the extent of our labours. However, I should not be surprised to see our successors procure a committee, who will do *something more* than produce a *rigmarole* report.

Another question, our hypocrisy upon which we should have shown more fully, had we remained in office, is the question of Reform in Parliament. We *now* can make as great a bluster about that as ever, and, so determined are we upon this point, that *stentorian lungs, seasoned with impudence*, are *already* at a higher premium.

But why do I single out this question, and that question ? for upon almost every question we may do something brilliant, perhaps now and then at the expense of making ourselves ridiculous ; but what of that ? I will, therefore, proceed to tell you *some of those things*, upon the part of our own party, which have annoyed me, and to which I referred in the former part of my letter.

We lost, as your Lordship knows, the chance of coming in upon something like honourable terms, by our coalition with Canning, at the *wise* suggestion of that *disinterested adept* in *humble co-operation*—Brougham. His brother is, doubtless, convinced of his disinterestedness, if no one else is!!! With regard to offices, which might possibly have been held by that *humble* individual, there is a fable entitled “the Fox and the Grapes.”

Then, after we were in, will you not agree with me that I was right in objecting to Tierney holding office ? This, of itself, after his past long public life, and particularly his solemn professions within the last ten years concerning the degree of union upon the Roman Catholic and Reform questions, which he should require as his “*sine qua non*” from any cabinet *so impotent* as to think him worth having, *was sufficient to bring any administration into contempt.*

I wonder that Lord Goderich, who is really an estimable and honourable man, does not see this. Tierney, who seems to have previously determined to say nothing, perhaps because "*having nothing to say*" through shame, (but upon second thought it could hardly be shame: more probably, as he thought himself too old for office upon any terms, even the above "*sine qua non*," seven years ago, he *now* thinks himself too old for speaking,) took care, however, to secure a snug thing for his son, and he has, therefore, by some of us, been called the "sly fox," a *more substantial* title than the title the fox in the fable acquired. I suppose it is an even bet whether a speech from him or from *contented* Brougham would, in the ensuing session, occasion the greatest hilarity.

Another blundering thing we did was admitting Mr. Herries into our patchwork cabinet, (Lord Lyndhurst being already in it.) Mr. Herries's admission was a *certain prelude, in the opinion of all thinking men*, to our expulsion. But though it is evident that we ought not, *upon any principle of common sense*, to have admitted Mr. Herries amongst us, yet can no reproach attach to him, seeing that he came not in hypocrisy to us: *he made no secret* of his principles, though we did of our principles (if princi-

Yes they can be called :) we threw him off his guard by our pledges that our conduct in office should not *essentially* differ from Lord Liverpool's ; but after he had been with us a certain time, we vainly thought we were too strong for the king, and we hit upon the *truly wise* expedient of endeavouring to drive Mr. Herries out in disgust, by offering him an indignity *almost without parallel* among gentlemen. I cannot conceive how Mr. Herries escaped contamination with such associates ; but that he has escaped *is proved by* our deeming him worthy of the *high honour* of our vituperation. Much as we *must secretly* respect Mr. Herries for his high-minded and frank conduct, when amongst us, I do not see how we can do otherwise (if I propose a wiser line of conduct I am sure to be left in a minority) than frequently excite in him *smiles of contempt* by the grossness and personality of our language.

To countervail Mr. Herries's appointment, in case he should not leave us as soon as we wished, we, concluding that his Majesty's memory was so much impaired, that we might, with safety, venture to propose the admission of Lord Holland (!!!) into his councils, recommended his Lordship accordingly. This was sagacity worthy of a statesman, who, under the pretence of sav-

ing thirty thousand a year, disbanded the yeomanry cavalry. Mighty as little Pety has been, his day is, *I fear*, over; and this disbanding frolic (*I suppose meant to mark his preference for a large standing army*) may probably only lead to the instant re-embodiment of the truly meritorious yeomanry cavalry of Great Britain.

I have already expressed my opinion that, upon several points, we are gainers by our expulsion from office. If I am right in this opinion, it follows that the Tories are returned *too soon for their best interests*; and, really, we have so unhinged public matters in the last ten months, that it is wonderful that his Majesty could procure such able successors to us. *Were I a Tory*, and could influence my party, I would have said, "*Refuse office for the present. Let the Patriots reign a little longer, not merely to add to their list of follies, for, God knows, their absurdities have been numerous enough, but that the two or three individuals, who, possibly, are still unwilling to believe that they never meant to redeem any of their pledges, may have no excuse for continuing sceptical.*" Ambition could never prompt *men of sense* to take office at the present time, so pregnant with difficulty, through our ignorant or worse mode of conducting the government. A

much more probable motive is to save the country from the horrors of any further infatuation of Whig Rulers. As to that truly venerable, wise, and patriotic nobleman, the Earl of Eldon, if he becomes a member of the new cabinet, the idea of his being actuated, in his return, by any interested motive, *ought* to be too ridiculous for *even us* to advance.

As I know I can depend upon your Lordship to keep the contents of this letter secret, I will just mention *to you* a few salutary lessons, which, if I was of their number, I should wish the Tories to derive from the events of the past year. For some time past, the Tories, *conscious of their integrity, and feeling their superiority over our state dabblers*, have too much neglected oratory. True it is that a very clever man may be a bad speaker, and that a good speaker may have abilities for little else (Lawyer Brougham once at Glasgow exposed to the students the humbug of speechifying;) but they are only *the thinking few*, who are capable of understanding *how it is possible* that a dry inelegant speech shall be a refutation of a speech delivered in an animated manner, and abounding with elegant phraseology. If we refer to the history of former periods, we shall *invariably* find that the temporary triumph of a *humbug* party has

elicited talent from their opponents, which was previously so latent that the possessor of it had not the least reputation for abilities or eloquence. If the Tories are wise, they will shake off all indolence, and secure on their side their due share of eloquence. There is one young member of the House of Commons, (Lord Castlereagh,) who has not hitherto spoken very often ; but I observed that the Duke of Wellington publicly spoke of him as a rising young man. The Duke is, I suspect, no bad judge ; *and I am sure he is too high-minded* to have expressed such a sentiment, merely for the sake of flattering the vanity of the son of his friend. If Lord Castlereagh deserves the compliment, he will, no doubt, as a *real patriot*, see the propriety of *continuing* to cultivate his talents : other *truly patriotic* young men will doubtless follow his example. (Talking of patriots, we, when in office, had, owing to the great confidence of his Majesty in us, so little patronage at our *bona fide* disposal, that, if we had continued in office much longer, we should have made patriots of Sir Robert Walpole's* kind by hundreds. When we were in office more than twenty years ago, we were, to use a phrase of Mr. Fox's, only "*three in a bed* ;" but the last time we

* Sir Robert Walpole used to say that, whenever he refused an impertinent or an improper request, immediately afterwards up started a "*patriot*" in the person of the applicant.

had *at least* ten applicants for every vacant situation.)

But the younger Tories must not run away with the idea that every kind of eloquence is useful. Eloquence, to be of any value, must be free, both from meretricious ornaments, and from sophistry. Were I a Tory, I would recommend them to take Mr. Pitt's style as their model. Elegant as was Mr. Pitt's language, he never lost sight of the fact that it was of *much more importance* that his reasoning should be sound and clear. And I would also (*were I of their number*) earnestly entreat them not to allow dinners, routs, or any private occupations to prevent them from attending the House, not only on what are called "great nights," *but at all times*. This would be a mean whereby to acquire habits of business and practical knowledge: the labours of Parliament would then be lighter, as there would be less blundering legislation. How much of every session is there not consumed in amending bills, passed in the preceding session, replete with blunders and stupidity. I am convinced that the legitimate and necessary business of Parliament might be got over in three months, or in less time, which expedition would enable Ministers to perform their official duties in a *less killing* way. It is really melancholy to reflect upon the number of public men,

whose physical energies have been totally destroyed in a few years. The system should be altered.

Another important thing to impress upon the minds of the Tories is the necessity of *union*, if they wish to preserve strength. A "*house divided against itself*" never did stand for any length of time, and we have *divine authority* for saying that it *never can*. To those *poor-spirited wretches*, whose *only concern* is the satisfying of their *greedy* appetites for the "*loaves and fishes*," who are *loudest* in their execrations against democracy, when the Tories are in power, but, who are ready to enrol themselves at a moment's notice under the banner of any unprincipled adventurer, who may acquire a temporary ascendancy, it would be *useless* (were I a Tory) to say a word; but lately there have been instances of *well-affected* individuals, who deviated from their principles at that moment when *they ought to have been most tenacious* of them. To such well-meaning persons I would (were I a Tory) address myself, with all the powers of persuasion I was master of, to induce them to resolve to be more firm—nay, manly—for the future. As truly independent men, it is to their credit to separate themselves from their former party, *if that party has repudiated its principles*,—a charge which, with reference to the events of the last year, they can-

not bring, as the *only* excuse they offered was, that the "*thing of shreds and patches*", intended to accommodate itself to Lord Liverpool's policy, which excuse proves that *they respected* the Liverpool Cabinet *to the last*. In all systems there *must be* parties, and it is idle in those who are not with the leader of one party to say they are not against him, unless they live in the greatest privacy and retirement. How *much more honourable* was Lord Grey's separation from his party, occasioned by inconsistencies of *so flagrant a die* as to give his Lordship a perfect right *in consistency*, to continue the separation, and to give a share of his support to a Tory Government, as being, in his opinion, composed of men rather more like true Whigs than those from whom *he had hoped better things!* *Between ourselves*, I should not be surprised if it turns out that *some other quondam* Whigs are ashamed of our duplicity and interested conduct in the last year. But to return,

The Tories should be very cautious never to suffer themselves to be led away by any dirty feelings of jealousy or selfishness. They should bear in mind that we have so disorganized (as usual when we have been ever so short a time in office) public matters, that the situation of the prime minister (be he who he may) must be at first a very arduous

one, let his friends conduct themselves in *ever so moderate and disinterested a manner*. Instead of doing as we did, rendering the treasury patronage an exciter of contentions and heart burnings, they should use the greatest delicacy in advancing *even a just claim*. Their emulation should be,—not to excel one another in having what is called good interest with the minister,—but their emulation should be to excel one another in zealously serving their King and country from motives *superior* to a *mercenary or sordid* spirit. Thus would the government become more and more consolidated, and, eventually, arrive at that *mature* degree of *strength* which *would enable it, with the blessing of divine providence, to defy our puny efforts, be they ever so malignant in design*.

Thus far, my Lord, have I written ; but I shall keep my letter open for a few days, by which time the new premier and others will probably be officially appointed and gazetted.

February 1st.

The new Cabinet has, at length, been constituted, and I must acknowledge to your Lordship that I was, *at first*, somewhat surprised to find the Duke of Wellington gazetted as “ first Lord of the Treasury,” not only because his Grace, last year, expressed him-

self, with the greatest diffidence, concerning his capability for it; but also because, one would have thought, the situation of Commander-in-Chief must be more congenial to his feelings. But it appears that there was difficulty in the way of such arrangement as the Duke naturally contemplated (so much for the *overweening* ambition of his colleagues,) and that his friends were unanimously of opinion that he ought to sacrifice his personal antipathy to being premier to the public convenience and good. We endeavoured to make the most of this by charging the Duke with inconsistency, merely because last year he was not puffed up with vanity and conceit; but finding our arguments upon this head only laughed at, we have raised a greater clamour against the principle of any friend of his Grace being a member of a commission to execute the office of Commander-in-Chief;—that is to say, that we wish to slip a Whig into the office of Commander-in-Chief, which most assuredly we shall not do. *Between ourselves*, the circumstance of appointing great personal friends of the Duke looks like any thing rather than a desire on his part to continue virtually in command of the Army. Suppose his Grace to have a wish like that imputed to him, would he not attain his object much better by *purchasing* some of our *time-serving gentry*?

Mr. Peel (one of the best home secretaries England ever produced) returns to his former situation. We have been very busy in endeavouring to make the public believe that his Majesty has a personal dislike to him. None, however, but the contemptibly credulous will believe us. Putting out of the question, the fact that his Majesty possesses too much good sense and taste to harbour any feeling of the kind, Mr. Peel is not the man to wish to obtrude his unwelcome services upon the Sovereign. Why then, (it may be asked,) is Mr. Peel not prime minister? As I am not a Tory, your Lordship cannot expect me to speak with certainty upon this point, but there are many probable (perhaps I ought to say obvious) reasons why it was natural that the King should, of the two, prefer the Duke of Wellington, whose personal influence with foreign governments must, in a *crisis* like the present, be most valuable. This characterism *alone* of the present premier, will, I am persuaded, tend to impart so much vigour and dignity to his Majesty's councils, that I will not prolong *this* letter by further speculating upon the cause of the King's choice. I observe one great proof of conscious strength in looking over the list of the new Cabinet, viz., in the fact that the Duke has dispensed with the services of some

of the most powerful of the disinterested and patriotic "VICARS OF BRAY."

We have also been very busy in circulating the absurd rumours that the Duke of Wellington is shy of the Earls of Eldon and Westmorland. As to the first, who received, last year, a magnificent present from his Majesty at the moment we were asserting that the King was highly displeased with him, our ridiculous insinuation has been already confuted; and you may rest assured that Lord Westmorland, after nearly fifty years of political steadiness, can only be without office *now by his own desire*.

About the Roman Catholic question, though I am a Whig, I am almost sick of wasting a thought upon it, so hypocritical is our party about it. Last year, under the pretence of not embarrassing the government, we postponed it till this year *ostensibly*, though, *if the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London* were authorized to make the declaration they did, without any sincere expectation of ever carrying the question in this reign. A man must be a driveller, who supposes that the Roman Catholic Question will ever be carried through our assistance; but, as talking is not very troublesome, we are just now making some little stir, *stupidly* thinking that, by so doing, we shall embarrass the King and his Government. It is im-

possible for me to say what will be the conduct of Tory Legislators, as I am not in their secrets ; but, were I one of them, nothing should induce me to *condescend* to speak in reply (this session) upon the Popish question, the Question of the Repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts (the Repeal of which the King cannot *consistently* assent to with his views of the Coronation Oath), or any other question in favour of which we were pledged not to stir when we were in office. No! I would let the Patriots, in the plenitude of their hypocrisy, talk, and fume, and rage, as long as they pleased ; but my only reply should be by my vote. It is *really silly to honour insincere advocates with any notice more troublesome.*

Brougham, to recover some of his lost popularity, has given notice that he means to take in hand the melioration of the Law Courts. Where is he to borrow the necessary temper and judgment to get through his task? And Mr. Hobhouse has expressed an intention to move for the thanks of the House of Commons to Sir Edward Codrington. *He will, I suppose, as a matter of course, alter his mind.*

I will not trouble your Lordship at present with any observations upon the King's Speech and consequent debates, which I send you with this letter.

Lords Aberdeen and Ellenborough are doubtless a great acquisition to the Cabinet, to which (being composed of honourable men) Lord Melville returns, as a matter of course. You may conceive the beautiful notions of honour prevalent in our party by the fact that we have asserted, over and over again, in private, and even in public, that his Lordship's adherence to his principles, through evil as well as through good report, had effectually closed the door of office against him for ever.

Mr. Huskisson retains his situation, but having carried this letter already to so great a length, I must beg to defer my observations about him till my next.

I send your Lordship all the newspapers, which I think likely to interest you. In those on our side you will observe very little argument, though *an abundance of the lying and of the dogmatical*. This, I am grieved to confess, *forebodes the strongest government* this country has had *for many years*.

Believe me to be, ever,

My dear Lord,

With the greatest esteem,

Your's most faithfully,

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P.S. I have just read an able Pamphlet entitled, "The necessity of the Corporation and Test Acts maintained," which I shall take care to add to Mrs. Johnson's parcel.

To the Right Hon.
Lord Cochrane,
&c. &c. &c.

Finis.

ERRATUM.

Page 7, Line 7, for "*Loyal*" read "*Lawyer*."

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